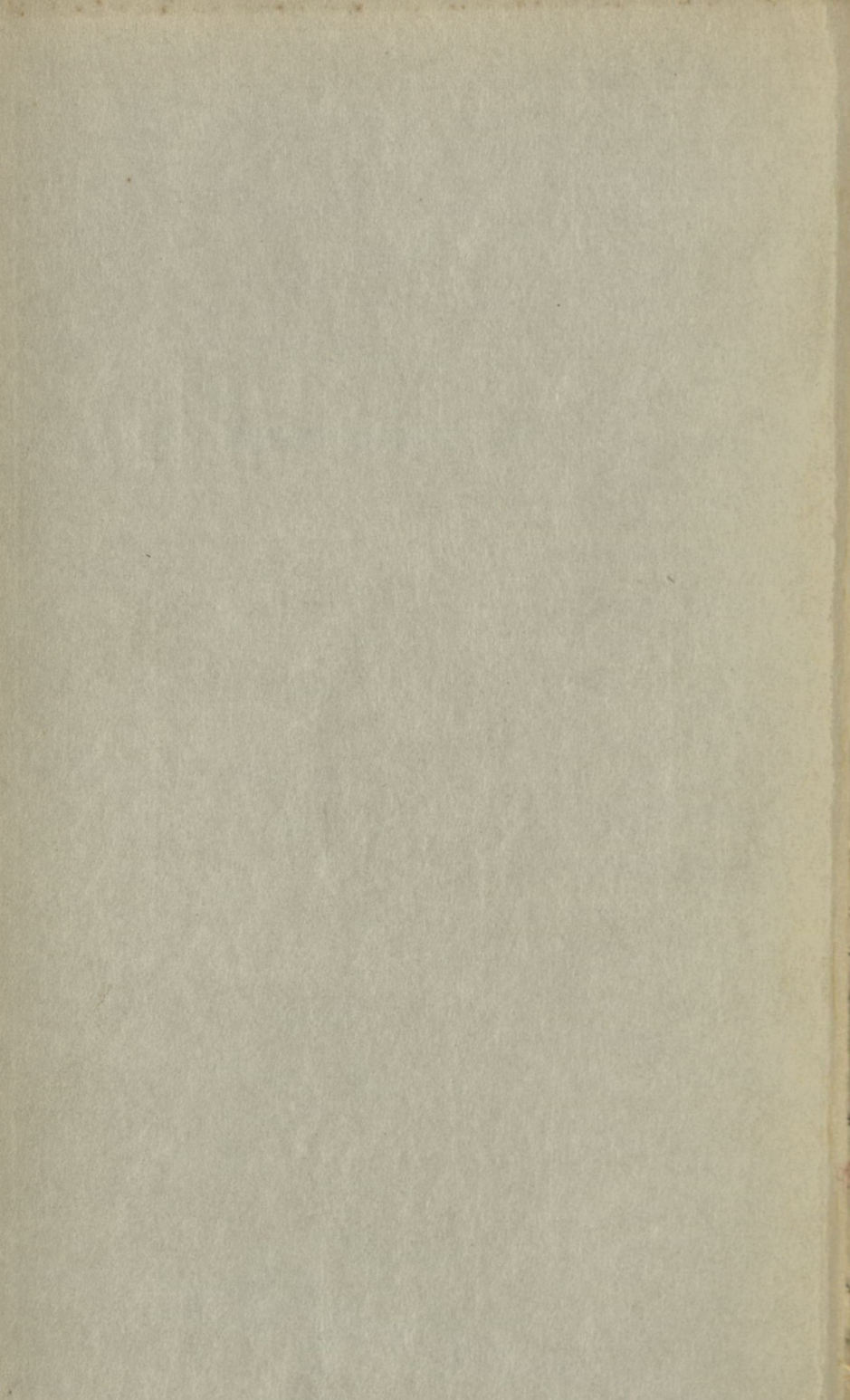


# The WESLEYAN



JANUARY  
1916



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# The Wesleyan

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## TO WESLEYAN

I. E. McKELLAR.

*Oh, Wesleyan, how fair before my eyes  
Thy towers point to sun-kissed, cloudless skies!  
I see thee stand, imperial and fair,  
In realms of flowery perfumes' gentlest air.*

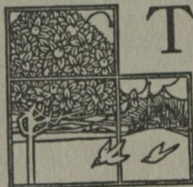
*How joyous and how strong thy womanhood!  
How envied by the nymphs of greenest wood!  
How sweet those lilting, laughing echoes call  
Like waters o'er some hidden, distant fall!*

*But nobler far than charm of form or face  
Is regnant thought and intellectual grace.  
In Thought's dominion each a queen is crowned,  
By each some worthy task is sought and found.*

*Then add the complement of each best part,—  
Unselfish service and a Christ-like heart.  
Ah, Wesleyan, how fair before my eyes  
Thy daughters point to sun-kissed, cloudless skies!*

## THE HERO OF OUR SOUTHLAND

LUCIA PAULINE CHAPPELL, '19.



THE HERO OF OUR SOUTHLAND—that devoted son, that patriotic citizen, that ideal of Christian manliness,—all this and more do we find embodied in the character of the great and noble Robert Edward Lee. He possessed sterling characteristics, characteristics which gave him his strong, noble nature. As a boy his faithfulness to his boyish tasks, his devotion to his invalid mother, and his ability to rise above his difficulties, mark his character. As a man, his calmness, his perseverance, and his obedience to his strong sense of duty, caused him to advance to a high station in the service of his country, and added new strength to his character. Ever patient and persevering he served his country. Then there came a trying time to this patriotic man, a time when his road seemed suddenly to fork in opposite directions. The great struggle between the States was arising, and the question confronted him—my country or my State? It was a bitter contest, for he held in his heart a venerable love for his country; but the love for his State surpassed, and his sense of duty, mingled with his love, called him to her defense. Then followed a period that is unsurpassed by any general, a period in which his Christian influence swayed hundreds; when thousands eagerly obeyed the orders of this man who showed such love and sympathy to the great surging masses of loyal Southerners under his control, who rallied at the name of Lee to the defense of their Southland. Through the hard, bitter years of that struggle he led his men gallantly, and his sword inspired them all.



*"Out of its scabbard, where, full long,  
It slumbered peacefully,  
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,  
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,  
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,  
Gleamed the sword of Lee.*

*"From its scabbard, high in air,  
Beneath Virginia's sky;  
And they who saw it gleaming there,  
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where the sword led they would dare  
To follow—and to die.*

*"Out of its scabbard! never hand  
Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"*

When at last he saw that there was no hope of victory, magnanimously he surrendered at Appomattox Court House, with never a word of apology concerning his defeat, but simply as a man perceiving his duty, now, to his land, to put a stop to the terrible contest of life and death before his beloved Southland was further wrecked.

The steel rang true in Lee's life; his soul was filled with a burning zeal to help his land, with a true reverence for God, and these wonderful characteristics have come down as a possession to all Southerners. The influence of his life has had untold effect on hundreds and thousands of his fellow-countrymen, for not only did his personage hold sway over the companions of his boyhood days, the comrades-in-arms of his soldier life, and the hosts of his friends and admirers of his day, but down through succeeding generations

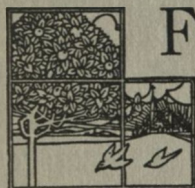


his noble life has been honored and revered, and posterity will look up to him as to no other Southern patriot, as a model of that which is pure and true. Through all times his memory will be honored, and who can tell us the widespread effect that this one man's life will have? It may truly be said of him, that as that great peak, the Matterhorn, towers above mountains, so Robert Edward Lee, the hero of our Southland, towers above men.



## GUNPOWDER

LEILA LEGG, '17.



**F**EAR not, peaceful reader; the above title has been thoroughly soaked in water before applying it to the following article, and even the most timorous may peruse it in perfect safety. I am not about to instigate a second "Gunpowder Plot" for the annals of history to record a second time; for in one sense, the title has little to do with the content of this article. To speak the truth, I simply chose the above heading to give my production a good "send-off." In this age of "best sellers" brain children must be given startling names to be at all popular, and I have vaulting ambition for my mental brood!

In this century, on account of the gullibility of the human species, our laws demand that the public be enlightened as to the content of all patent medicines and hand-made foods in order that they may know exactly what they are taking into themselves for amalgamation with the rest of the anatomy. This law might be appropriately applied to the literary productions of the present day, for it is to be hoped that if the reading public were previously informed as to the contents of the books with which they are feeding their minds, the number would be greatly reduced. So in compliance with my ideas of a literary censorship, and the author's duty to label his productions as pure mental food before submitting them to the public eye, I wish to repeat that this article is not so dangerous as the name would indicate; for in reality it partakes neither of sulphur, niter, nor charcoal, and I am merely using so dynamic a title to *explode* a few theories on the philosophy of life.

However, it may not be so amiss to call it "Gunpowder" after all, for this is an age of gunpowder. Surely when we spend more on the firing of a single gun along our coast



than we do for the annual salary of a University professor, we may hail our century as the "Age of Gunpowder!" In these days when the bells of Christendom are pealing with "jubilant iron tongues" to all mankind—War! War! War!—it may seem a little amiss to pause in the midst of so sanguinary a jubilee, and listen to catch the strains of the "Still sad music of humanity." There seems to be no humanity in our hate-filled fraternity which God once called *man* as distinguished from *beast*; the very breathing of God in our beings has become stifled by the smoke which arises from gunpowder in the great battle of the nations. The music of life is being hushed by the machinery which is grinding daily to fill the coffers of war, and if there ever was a time when the few righteous should not be put to confusion, it is *now*; in the strength of ten such lies the redemption of Sodom, and O righteous virgins of Wesleyan, we are at least one of the rescuing force.

Has the thought ever come to you that *you* are a visualized idea of the Divine mind? Do you ever stop to think in a true silent hour of meditation just what it all means—this thing we call *Life*? We sit day after day listening to precepts that form a big undigested mass to us; we grind away each twenty-four hours of time somewhat as a machine, never thinking who it is that is guiding and controlling our movements, or for what purpose we were set in motion. We are so comfortable in our dreamy somnambulism, it is so gloriously easy just to go "willy nilly blowing" through life, not considering whence we came or whither we are going, or what we are taking with us, or what we are leaving in our paths. We see the errors of other lives, the buried hopes and ambitions around us, and yet as the poet reminds us we still do not "read the lesson taught in that republic of the dead;" but rather make our own home among the tombs, and add slabs to the already crowded cemetery!

As I sit and watch the myriads of bodies that pass me daily, little black specks in a crowd, but human beings when seen at a close range, beings animated and called into ex-



istence by some Divine decree,—as I see them go sleeping, dreaming in the midst of wonders and horrors, stimulated by no further worry than whether dinner is ready or not, whether the month's allowance will cover the cost of the styles, etc., a shudder shakes this frame of "mortal woof," and I ask, "For what purpose was the morning of the first creation?" Why did God image himself here on earth in the form of man only to let the race of Adam belie his "exterior semblance" to the Divine Creator by his worthlessness? In this world of millions and millions we can not help asking with the great sage of Chelsea, "Who is this me?" A voice, a motion, or an appearance? A pitiful infinitesimal part of humanity, a particle floating in a great space, overborne by time? Oh, a wave of helplessness will sweep us for a moment when we think, "What can this me do?" But

"Soft as the voice of an angel  
Breathing a lesson unheard,"

the "eternal whisperings" of Him who is

"Closer to us than breathing,  
Nearer than hands and feet"

will be heard, if we will only *pause* to listen. Even though we are "light sparkles floating in the ether of Deity," this is no insignificant calling, for we must remember that we are *light* sparkles—beings possessing the light, and the ether in which we are allowed to "live and move and have our being" is the Ether of Deity.

We may sit and ponder, and spend our whole life trying to read the "Sphinx-like riddle of existence," until like Matthew Arnold's Empedocles we will throw ourselves into the crater of our own burning Etna of doubt and blank misgivings; and until our hair, like the Prisoner of Chillon's, will be "gray though not with years," and yet it will profit us nothing. If we sit and dream instead of functioning, we are truly only "tinkling symbols" of beings. Since the time of Adam, hide-bound philosophers have attempted to pierce

the azure lid above us and peep into infinity, only to find themselves driven from their Eden, or with their Babel towers razed to the ground, on which it is ordained that mortals shall walk.

If it were not for the conceit of mortals, the world would turn on its axis with much more ease. If we do not amount to anything in the world, we sit back in the comfortable arm-chair of "Ego," and console ourselves with the thought that we are "misunderstood," that the lofty ideals that stir our souls are "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," that they are too rich for the common herd to digest, and that therefore we must preserve them, "cold-storage," in our own icy haughtiness. We who are "born for the universe" have narrowed our realm and kept to ourselves what was meant for mankind! What a false philosophy of life! Not one of us is too good for our environment; our clay is no better than the mould of our brothers. What difference is there in the whole race of human metazoans? We are all many-celled animals, the nucleus of this species being the soul, which is the embryo of eternity in us. Then why should the life cycle of one be exalted above the others of the same genus and species? "Everything in nature partakes of all its power." Then why do we break the force of this power by dividing ourselves into little bits called "individuals?" If, when we touch human beings we touch heaven, why disdain to take the hand of the lowliest?

Young "Barbarians" at Wesleyan, let us put a little more Hebraism into our Hellenism; let us not fear contamination by touching any of God's creations. Now in this world crisis, let us use the life that is now ours. We are in the prime of our existence; that life now courses through our veins, for one more year of which an Alexander, cut off in his prime, would have sacrificed all the worlds he had conquered; which a Keats, "fair creature of an hour," who ceased to be ere his "pen had gleaned his teeming brain," so longed for that he might finish tracing the "high romance" which he read in the heavens. How can we throw away life,



that life for which the hushed voices of "our lost saints" and heroes must sigh in vain, that life which gives us the surface of the earth for a home? Why can not we appreciate this precious gift of the regular beating of the pulse until the animation has been dimmed, until our life-star, which is fast setting, leaves us in the darkness of its dimmed rays, sighing for its once meteoric brilliance?

Can not we who sit in the unconscious blessedness of a normal temperature, with no fever of ill-health and old age taking away our physical and mental vitality,—we who bask in the sunlight of God and peace, and culture, conspire

"To move this sorry scheme of things entire  
Nearer to the Great Heart's Desire?"





## THE SENTIMENTS OF OUR POETS AT WESLEYAN

### I.

*Oh, Shades of Shakespeare and of Gray!  
Be near me at this hour!  
For I must feign the poet's art  
Without his gift and power.*

*So, rise ye, in your reverend graves,  
And calm my teacher's rage,  
When he shall call me up in class  
To read this jingling page!*

FRANCES NEAL, '19.

### II.

*Seated one day at my desk  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
Close by me lay idly a pencil;  
My fingers seemed almost to freeze.*

*The moments were passing so swiftly,  
And yet had no thoughts come to me,  
But the teacher's words rang in my ears,  
"To-morrow—your poetry."*

*I pondered o'er thousands of subjects,  
And my mind seemed never at rest,  
Till I finally penned these few words,  
"Poeta nascitur, non factus est."*

KATHERINE THOMAS, '19.

## VISIBLE THINGS AS EMBLEMS

NANNIE POTTS, '16.



CLOTHES, from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven," says Thomas Carlyle in his famous "Sartor Resartus." And truly, what is a man's body but a dress for his soul? What is his thought but an intangible garb for the greatness and originality of his spirit? What is speech but the "garment of thought?"

The flags of different nations are but clothes for the ideals which the people follow. Our own "Old Glory" with its stars and stripes moves us because we see not the cloth alone, but our own ideals symbolized. Each star means for us a state. The thirteen red and white stripes representing the original colonies stand for strength and purity. The blue field suggests truth.

The seals of every state and organization represent in like manner the thoughts and ideals of that particular group. The seal of Virginia pictures a man with bow in hand and with a foot on a dead body, this inscription below, "Thus always for Tyrants." From this we know surely that true democracy is the goal in that state, and that the lives of her great sons have been spent in striving for this principle. The pages of history glow with the light reflected from the souls of men clothed in the garment of Fraternity, Equality, and Liberty.

Carlyle's great disciple, John Ruskin, has said, "Show me the house and I will tell you about the man who lives in the house." So architecture becomes an index of a man's character. Can we not look back and know by the severity of Doric architecture how plain and simple were the Spartans



in their mode of living? Does not the Gothic style tell us that the French love ornament, frivolity, and elaborateness of design?

The wedding ring is an emblem. The giving of the ring to mark the betrothal was an old Roman custom, at first probably a mere pledge that the contract would be fulfilled. In its earliest use it was made of iron, but by the second century gold had become the usual material. In our own day the engagement ring with its diamond setting is symbolic of the purity and strength and ardor of the man's love. The European War has stirred the souls of some women to give their wedding rings for the cause of patriotism, and now they wear iron rings as emblems of self-sacrifice to a cause.

The rainbow, shining in the heavens after a rain, is one of the most beautiful emblems that I know. By this, God shows us that He is renewing His promise not to destroy the world a second time by water. In the language of a poet it is

*"A seven-fold psalm of rapture  
Spread along heaven's vaulted aisle,  
And all because a tear had  
Told its sorrow to a smile."*

Caryle speaks truly when he says, "Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea and body it forth. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant." In these lines lies a world of happiness.



## THE KLODAC RUBY

NANNIE KATE SHIELDS, '19.



THE sun was blazing down fierce and hot on the Arabic village. This was the usual condition, in fact, but that day it seemed even worse than usual, and the heat was so oppressive that even the natives gave way under it, and lay around under the shades of their tents, drowsy and half asleep. But not so with Zula, the little daughter of the chieftain. She was all alert, never tired, but always dancing about, seeming quite happy.

While she was playing with the other children, all at once she saw her little brother waving a white silk handkerchief above his head, and wondering where he had found it, she ran over to him and said, "Where did you get that, Zongla?" The small boy only said he would not tell, until Zula began to shake him, when, losing his delight in teasing, he pointed to a clump of trees near by. Zula ran over to the trees and stopped in surprise as she saw a man lying there, face downward on the ground. At first sight he appeared lifeless, but after a moment he moved. The girl bent over and felt his heart, and finding it beating faintly, she tried to raise him. But the man gasped a few words, "Stanley—Stanley—Tell him—I—found it—Chieftain's tent—" and fell dead. Zula stood above him, wondering what it all meant, but the dead man told nothing now. She went and told her father of the dead body there, and never mentioned the last words of the strange man.

Years had passed, and Zula was a grown girl, when one day a party of Americans came to the village. Usually the Chieftain was delighted to have visitors, but to these he was not so cordial, seeming to feel a vague uneasiness in their presence, and Zula wondered why. One day one of the men, whom the others called Stanley, motioned to Zula

to follow him as he withdrew from the village, and when she had followed him to a quiet spot, he asked her suddenly, "Do you know of the Klodac Ruby?" Certainly she did; it was as sacred to her as the fragments of the cross were to the old Crusaders, the emblem of her religion, so sacred, in fact, that at the mere mention of it she bowed herself to the ground. The man was not prepared for this, although he had heard of the piety of these people, but he went on, "Well, my girl, I want you to do an easy job for me, and you will be well paid, with good United States money, too."

She did not know what United States meant, but money—at that magic word she became all smiles. "What is it?" she asked.

"You know that ruby is valuable. We are looking for it and have an idea that it is somewhere in this tribe. We sent a man to look for it once, but he never came back. It left the tribe some time after that, and we lost track of it, but we have reason to believe that it is back in its old resting place."

So that was what the man wanted. No wonder her father had not been cordial. That was what the man had been there for years ago, and this was the Stanley he had spoken of. The ruby was somewhere in the Chieftain's tent. But no! She must be faithful to her religion, and she had been raised to revere this stone.

"You are asking an impossible thing, and if my father knew, you could not live another minute. I shall tell him."

"Stay! Think what you are throwing away, money, with which you could buy adornment, and all beautiful things. If you will get it, I myself will take you out into the great world with me."

The girl's decision was clearly wavering, and a look of cunning came over her face. She could, she knew she could. But should she sell herself for this silver? She hesitated as Judas must have hesitated over the thirty pieces of silver, but her better nature gave way to the desire for money, and like him, she yielded.



Late that night she crept into her father's tent, removed the precious stone from its hiding place, and went to meet Stanley at the edge of the village. Snatching the stone from her hand, Stanley would have rushed away without her, if the girl had not seen his purpose in time and clung to him with all her might. Then, deciding that the only way to get rid of her was to call someone to take her, the man sent his voice ringing out on the night air.

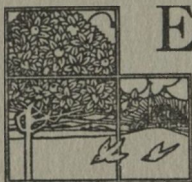
"The ruby! The ruby! The girl has stolen the ruby!" And almost before the sounds had died away, Zula was surrounded by infuriated natives, while in the turmoil Stanley had already gotten far away. The Arabs searched the captive girl, and not finding the ruby, they realized that the sacred stone was really gone into unbelievers' hands, their sacred stone which had been entrusted to them to be kept forever as a great and holy duty. And this girl! Vengeance upon her! Wild with frenzy, they piled a heap of brush, tied her upon it, and set fire to it.

Meanwhile the man Stanley, getting farther and farther away from his enemies, could not get away from the thought of his own perfidy, and turning back, he reached the village just in time to see the flames at their highest. Realizing that it was now too late to help the girl, he attempted to fly a second time, to save his own life, but this time the Arabs seized him, and began to search him for the ruby. In their joy at regaining their precious stone they were so transported that unconsciously they loosened their hold on Stanley, and again he made his escape. But with their stone again in their midst, the Arabs were quite happy.

But Stanley? His happiness was lost forever, and there was only left to him the haunting remorse over Zula's death, and the curse of the stolen ruby.

## THE EVERYDAYS OF LIFE

MAE SWEET, '19.



EVERY day is a little life; and our whole life seems but a day. Life is not mean; it is grand. If it is mean to any, they make it so, because God made it glorious. The melancholy confession of a mediaeval philosopher is: "I live but know not how long; I die but know not when; I depart but know not whither; how is it possible to fancy myself happy?" It is my firm belief that people have only themselves to blame, if their lives appear to them at any time empty and void of interest or of happiness. No doubt, however, the everydays of life are not as interesting as some of our particularly bright days.

Yet the everydays of life are really the best tests of life. Each day brings its simple duty and simple needs. But sometimes difficulties are hard to face, and it takes patience and courage to win. Most of our young days are spent at home, and it is then that our parents give us the example of a modest and true life. They sympathize with us in our difficulties by helping us to bear them. But there comes a time when decision is laid upon us. The choice must not be determined by our own selfish desires; yet a prompt decision is of far more consequence than the best decision reached too late.

No doubt there would not be so many failures, if each one had a purpose to which every outward thing could point. But it is dangerous to have too great an ambition. How much better it is to climb upward by degrees than to start at the top of the ladder and fall. Life without a purpose would be a blank; everyone should have a purpose in view. Sometimes the everydays of life seem to grow dull and weary. Perhaps it is because we must go morning after



morning at the appointed hour to the appointed place, and work long after rest would be sweet.

People are not always judged by their deeds, but by their opportunities, and their influence. The small stream which flows gently, and the little rivulet which runs along day and night, are useful rather than the swollen flood or the winding cataract. We are amazed at the sight of Niagara, and at the power and greatness of our Creator, yet one Niagara is enough for the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains to water the farms, meadows, and gardens. They flow and continue to flow on every day with their gentle, quiet beauty. It is not only by great deeds like those of the martyrs that good is to be done. It is by the daily and quiet virtues of life. The smiles we wear and the songs we sing may make many a person happy. Then:

*"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
That innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."*

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## GIVING

Towards the end of every year we read and hear and think a great deal about the Christmas Spirit; but we never read an article on "The Christmas Spirit Throughout the Year." We seem to put on the Christmas Spirit as we do our Sunday clothes, and consider it too fine for week-day wearing; but the Christmas spirit ought to be made of such substantial stuff that it could stand the wear of all the year and suffer no harm thereby. In fact, it ought to be a stuff that would defy all laws of wearing and become more beautiful with use. If we began to think on these things a little in January instead of in December, with the whole year to practice in, we would have the habit by the close of the year, and find it easier to do the subject justice at that season. Besides this, we could make wider applications of our doctrines with the whole year to work them in, and have a broader field for them. It is one of these unusual phases of the subject that we are going to discuss now, under the much used head of giving, not the giving of material things, but of the higher things.



We are mostly concerned with receiving, rather than giving. Look, for instance, at the matter of our companionships. We do not usually choose the people to whom we may give most, but those from whom we can get most, not materially speaking, but spiritually. Even in the matter of friendship, the essence of which is giving, there is liable to be unconsciously the idea of exchange, rather than of pure giving. It may be that the ideal friendship is a giving on both sides, but we need not for that reason limit ourselves to that kind. Some souls have not as much to give as others, and they ought not to suffer for their poverty any more than the poor child at Christmas time ought to go without his visit from Santa Claus. Somehow it is much easier to give a poverty-stricken child a number of toys at Christmas than to give a soul-impoverished needy one a few smiles and thoughts and conversations on an ordinary day, though the need of the latter be more dire. Let us not get the idea that a *charity* sociability will suffice, however. That is far more blighting than utter indifference, and is not at all what we are talking about. We know the difference between that and the giving that is done for the joy of giving. A beautiful thing about this giving of ourselves is that it often has the most astonishing results. In some strange way the giving of the riches of friendship to one deemed poor in this kind of wealth sometimes sets open the door of a hidden treasure house in that soul which neither he nor we had suspected the existence of, and we marvel at the store of riches where we had thought all things were lacking.

Not only are too many of us willing to do nothing better than exchanging, but some of us are willing to do less than that, to give not at all and receive much. Even Wesleyan College has had an instance of this. There was a girl who did all of her work well, and had a class standing of the highest. She studied, of course. There was another girl in one of her classes whose work was in a sad mix-up, and who needed straightening out, badly. The first student, concerned over the weakness of her classmate, and fearful of serious consequences for her at the end of the term, saw

a place one day where she could render some real help. Her own work was all that she had time for, and especially that day her duties were pressing heavily, but of her precious time she took an hour and a half away from herself and gave it to the other, along with some strenuous mental activity in explaining the difficult parts. On the next day the girl who had helped made some failures in recitation for lack of time for sufficient preparation, which, however, is merely by the way. The point is that the friend who had received an hour and a half of help was approached the next day by another girl with this request, "Oh, please explain the last part of this to me. I haven't been able to get it, and the bell will ring in three minutes. Do you understand it?" to which the answer was, from the girl who had received ninety minutes' help and had been asked for three, "Yes, I understand it, but I can't take time right now to explain it. I've got to finish looking over my home paper; I've finished all but the ads, and I'm so afraid the bell will ring before I read all of them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Among your New Year's resolutions why not make one to write just occasionally for THE WESLEYAN? Wesleyan needs a general reform in this direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

## AUTUMN

MARY ELZA SHEPPARD.

*When autumn comes with chill and red'ning leaves  
And sere, dry corn-stalks in the breeze bend low,  
The labor-wearied workers bind the sheaves  
And store away the yield. Their praises go  
To thank the Giver of all life; they know  
That duty done brings its own rich reward;  
Who worketh well best learns to love the Lord.*



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VIRGINIA CONNELLY, Editor

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*"Not by Might, Nor by Power, But by My Spirit, Saith  
the Lord of Hosts."*

## STUDENTS AND THE JUBILEE

(From "The Association Monthly.")

BY LESLIE BLANCHARD.

So far as we know, there is only one student Association in the country with its own history, written out of actual searching of the past. A few more know the date when they began to be. Only a few. The people who helped to make the Association—who are they? What are they like, those girls who must have given so much of themselves to the friendly organization that greeted us on the never-to-be-forgotten "first day of college?" We never think of them. Yet it is they who were most concerned in giving the Association its place on the campus, in bringing to pass its rec-

ognition as one of the biggest experiences of all the four years. We have their work to carry on. The jubilee is our chance to measure ourselves against the past. Will the girls who come four years from now be glad of us in the same way?

To think of the past is to see in what enterprise we are enlisted. Sometimes we are not sure why we exist. Are we afraid to say, or is it because we are not quite clear in our own hearts? Do our friends know beyond the shadow of uncertainty what the meaning of the Association is? Are we known by our fruits? The Jubilee is the time when our purpose in being a Young Women's Christian Association should become crystal clear.

The Jubilee is our chance to reach beyond college, out into a world whose days are not numbered by matriculation and commencement, a world not only of the past, but of the now—out to members of the Association who rejoice in it as truly as we—girls in industry, in professional life, in leisure, girls in city and country, in our own familiar states and beyond. As students, we may join with girls everywhere and do our part in Christian citizenship. Our narrow bounds of sympathy spring apart. We may touch girls through whose lives our own may become richer, more tender, more serviceable.

The Jubilee is our chance to look ahead into the days to come. We are glad of the Association for what its life has been. We are confident of what its life is to be. If from its fellowship there has come to each of us a fulness of life not ours before, if barriers of ignorance and space have fallen before the magic of working together for a common dream, if from it we have come to see the glory of our place in the church of Christ, and to know that for us God has become a shining certainty for every day; then we can give ourselves to the happy task of making our Jubilee a rejoicing for the past and a pledge of faith for the future.



## ALUMNAE NOTES

EDWINA TEASLEY, Editor.

Annie Lois Stowe, '15, of Newborn, who is teaching in the public school at Covington, was the guest of her sister Katherine during the Thanksgiving holidays.

\* \* \* \* \*

Norma Dyal, '15, was in the college for a few days during November as the guest of Laleah Wight and Mary Alice Robins.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the most interesting events of this season was the marriage of Miss Nannaline Rives, of Sparta, to Mr. Richard Birdsong. Verna French and Nancy Dover from Wesleyan attended. Miss French played the wedding march, and Miss Dover sang, "All For You." Mr. and Mrs. Birdsong will be at home to their many friends in Sparta.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lucy Benton, '13, of Monticello, and Helen Cater, of Perry, were at the college the latter part of November as the guest of Jane and Carolyn Cater and Ruth Benton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Louise Templeton, a graduate of Randolph-Macon Woman's College in the class of 1914, was the guest of Mary Pearl Chance. Wesleyan always welcomes representatives of other colleges, our co-laborers in education.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cards have been received at the college announcing the marriage of Miss Perry Wimberly of Unadilla to Prof. Hugh Harvard, of Atlanta, who has a position in the Boys' High School.

Catherine Holmes, '15, of Culloden, was in Macon to attend the reception given by the Pan-Hellenic Council of Mercer University. While in Macon, she spent a few days at the college as the guest of Rachael Cowart and Annie Pet Powell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Annie Lou Hardy, '13, of Senoia, was the guest of Helen McCrary for a few days before Christmas.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chloe Smith, '10, was the guest of Miss Winnie Powers in the college last month.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the October issue of the Southern Woman's Magazine, in an article by Isma Dooly, "Teaching Our Mountain Boys and Girls to Live," special attention was called to the noble and uplifting work done in one of the mountain schools of Georgia by Miss Lucy Lester of Thomasville. Miss Lester, a Southern woman of means, and a graduate of Wesleyan College, accepted the position of head teacher that she might better acquaint herself with the needs of the mountain people, might see wherein the weakness of the schools lay, and why the teachers failed so frequently to accomplish their purpose. Wesleyan is interested in her work.





## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

RUTH WHITE

SARA CARSTARPHEN

The "Mississippi College Magazine" is certainly one of the best. The two serious poems are well written, and are well balanced by those in a lighter vein. "A Few of China's Most Interesting Customs" is an article worth reading.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are in the "Bessie Tift Journal" some splendid articles. "The New Old Woman in the Shoe" is a good criticism of the present day system of education. "Mother's Boy" and "To a Confederate Monument" are poems giving to us the old universal emotions in new expressions—"College Spirit Before Society Spirit" should be the aim of every college.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Exchange Department of the "Emory and Henry Era" is something different from the usual style of exchanges. Of course we must take the Japanese poetry on faith, but the English translations are beautiful, and only convince us the more of the grace of thought and the gentleness of feeling in this people. The "triangle plot" is the base of "Cold Feet," but the writer handles it with originality.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Burns as a Song Writer" and "Peer Gynt: Self-realization through Indulgence" would make the "Woman's College Bulletin" a journal worthy to be classed among the best. There are two more stanzas of this poem as good as the one quoted:

*"Jes' a little picaninny  
 Wid little kinky ha'r,  
 An' little black eyes sparklin'  
 An' lookin' eve'ywhar;  
 An' little mouf a-laughin',  
 An' little face dat shine;  
 He ain't so ve'y pretty,  
 But he's mine."*

\* \* \* \* \*

If Miss Granger of the "State Normal Magazine" N. C. could give us the addresses of "Helen" and "Martha" we would be placed under everlasting obligations to her; we need 'em both. But there is a world of wisdom in the story; our talents are to be used for the good of others, and if Helen can make Martha a raving beauty, and Martha convert Helen into a bright and shining light in Mathematics, that is as it should be. "Dem Freshmen" is a masterpiece of dialect poetry.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Wofford College Journal" is permeated from cover to cover with love for the Alma Mater. The same spirit of loyalty is felt for their advertisers. The departments are well edited. As for the story "The Will of Providence," anachronisms are found in the writings of Shakespeare himself; and in a love story, who cares anyhow if the fair lady graduated from a school about thirty years before it was founded?

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Erothesian" is too short; fain would we have more of this good magazine. "Manners and Customs of the Old Hebrew" is a splendid article.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have received also the "Brenau Journal," "The Criterion," and the "Davidson College Magazine."



# LOCALS

LALEAH WIGHT, Editor.

L. W. (in Geology Lab.): "Mr. Quillian, I've cracked this agate. I'll never make a geologist."

Mr. Q.: "Oh, yes, you'll make a cracking one."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. B. (in Glee Club): "Mary, you didn't sing that with much grace."

Mary E.: "Well, you can't make Grace out of Mary."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hinton (in Astronomy): "We will discuss the distance of the earth to the sun when we get there."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Rosser (in Bible class): "Lend me your book. But you pay interest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. S. (to her little daughter): "What's the elevator boy's name?"

M. S.: "His name's Up and Down."

\* \* \* \* \*

M. L. (in Murray & Sparks'): "Mother, let's have a turkey Sunday."

Mrs. L.: "What kind of a new drink is that?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Fond Father: "Is my daughter taking Spanish?"

Dr. Jenkins: "Well, I can't say. But she's still exposed to it."

Sub in Bible Class: "Those Israelites seem right unfeeling and hard."

Professor: "Why so?"

Sub in same: "Left all the work for the children. The Bible's always saying what the children of Israel did."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dollar: "I'm more religious than you are. I have 'In God we trust,' written on me."

Penny: "I don't care. I bet I go to church oftener than you do."—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. B.: "Girls, are you reading the 'Idylls?'"

M. L.: "I idle away all the time."

\* \* \* \* \*

Every true Wesleyan girl should join the ranks of the "Boasters."

\* \* \* \* \*

O. J.: "Oh, I'm invited to a stocking shower, and I don't know what in the world to take."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PROBLEM IN PSYCHOLOGY

Problem: To determine whether three days is a sufficient time to establish permanent synaptic connections so that a habit is formed.

Data: Nov. 27, 28, 29. College parlor. Conditions favorable.

Subject, Leila Legg.

Apparatus: "One omnivorous bi-ped wearing trousers."

Procedure: The man enters Saturday at 8:00 p. m. and leaves at 10:00 p. m. The experiment is repeated on Sunday Nov. 28, with the hours changed to 2 p. m.—10 p. m., and again on Monday, Nov. 29, 10:00 a. m.—6 p. m.

Results: Leila is often since found sitting in the parlor alone.

Interpretation: An action repeated often enough becomes a fixed habit.



*"You can always tell a Senior,  
For he's so sedately gowned;  
You can always tell a Junior  
From the way he jumps around;  
You can always tell a Freshman  
From his timid looks and such;  
You can always tell a Sophomore,—  
But you can not tell him much."*

—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most interesting games of the year were played at Wesleyan on Thanksgiving. The Senior-Junior and the Freshman-Sophomore games brought evenly matched teams together, and there was a hard fight for the victory.

The Seniors defeated the Juniors with a score of 12-11. The first half of the game was an easy walk-over for the Seniors, but in the second half the Juniors played as fine basket-ball as was seen in the games. At the end of the first half the score was 8-3, the Seniors at the big end, and everyone thought that the rest of the game would be an easy slaughter for the Seniors, but they reckoned without sufficient grounds, for the Junior team brought the score up to 12-11, with the Seniors one point in advance. Features of the game were Jones' guarding for Juniors and Powell's goal throwing for the Seniors.

The Senior team has the splendid and rather unusual record of having won the Thanksgiving game for all the four years of its playing at Wesleyan, and it has justified the Seniors' boast that they are invincible. The Senior line-up was: Anthony, Exley, centers; Powell, Bryan, forwards; Hale, Potts, guards. The Junior line-up was: Dorothy Smith, Cater, centers; Stubbs, Rogers, forwards; Marion Jones, Culpepper, guards.

The Freshman-Sophomore game turned out differently from all established dope on the subject, for the Freshmen won with a score of 6-1. Both teams did good playing, the Sophomores starring in their pass-work. Sweet starred for the Freshman in her goal-throwing. "Little Harris" in

center and Vail Jones as guard featured in the Sophomore team. The line-up was: Freshman—Napier, Shields, centers; Clark, Pierce, guards; A. Morris, Sweet, forwards; Sophomore—Leoline Morris, Harris, centers; Vail Jones, Diggs, guards; Cook, Pierce, forwards.

\* \* \* \* \*

The games played on November 29 by the Senior-Specials and the Sophomore-Freshman teams were won by the Seniors and Sophs, the score being, Seniors, 14; specials, 13, and Sophs, 13—Freshmen 6.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crowning event of Thanksgiving Day for the college household was the banquet given by Mrs. Hudgins. The dining-room was very artistically decorated. Each table was graced with large basket of fruits, which were showered with sprays of wheat. In the center of the dining-room the ceiling was half concealed with smilax, and fairy lights gleamed among the greenery, while a shower of chrysanthemums, suspended from the ceiling, fell over the table around which the toastmistress and her coterie sat.

Miss Annie Pet Powell, who was toastmistress, presided with all due dignity and charm. College spirit was at its height, and the class songs and toasts added much to the joy of the occasion. The following toasts were given:

The Spirit of Thanksgiving—*Eloise Grier.*

The Winning Teams—*Dorothy Smith.*

The Puritan Maiden—*Edith Culpepper.*

Home Folks—*Marion Cook.*

Our Sweethearts—*Rosaline Jenkins.*

Old Maids—*Miss Winnie Powers.*

Wesleyan—*Althea Exley.*

Mrs. Hudgins—*Edwina Teasley.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles Harrison, a well known tenor, delighted a large audience of music lovers on November the fifteenth, in the Wesleyan Chapel. Interspersed with pleasing musical numbers from Prof. Maerz, a high class entertainment was furnished such as the student body and the general public rarely enjoy.



On November the nineteenth the public had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dean of the Emerson School of Oratory, and one of the foremost Shakespearean readers of the day, in a reading of Othello. It was a masterful interpretation, and the minds and hearts of every one present responded with sympathetic attention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. J. M. Glenn, presiding elder of the Macon District, gave an interesting address to the class in Religious Education on December the second. He brought out in a very effective way the value of education. These are some impressive figures that he gives: A person with no education has one chance in 150,000; with a grammar school education, four times that many; with a high school education, 92 times as many; with a college education, 828 chances. It was a very helpful talk, as well as one enjoyed by the students.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Thespian Dramatic Club presented an original pantomime, "The Making of a Movie," by the Juniors, and a play, "Two Little Rebels," by the Freshmen in expression, on Monday evening, November the twenty-ninth, in the chapel.

\* \* \* \* \*

The students enrolled in the Department of Education are doing some interesting observation work in the Macon Public Schools. This is quite instructive, and has been worth a great deal to these students in Pedagogy. Wesleyan appreciates the fine opportunity offered her students, and the kindness of the authorities in making possible this work.

\* \* \* \* \*

November the thirteenth was "Stunt Night," a night of originality, when budding genius blossomed forth in the concrete form of ingenious stunts which revealed the wit, humor, and pathos of the age. The girls of each table in the dining room were required to pull off some stunt for their respective tables, and they rallied forth bravely to the cause of mirth on this occasion, and made the evening lively.

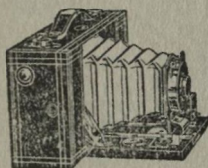
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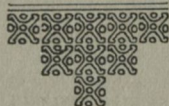
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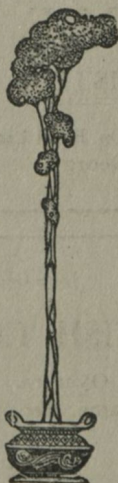
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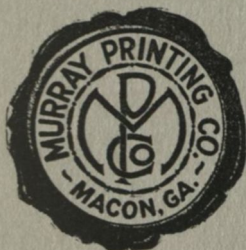
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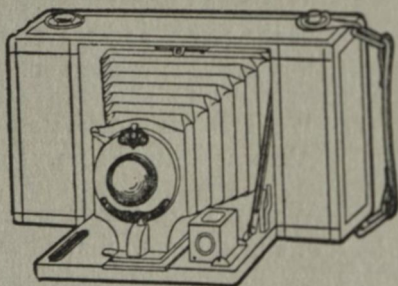
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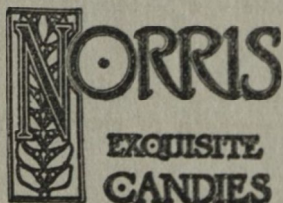
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